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The Jubilee Story Book  
Of Things Seen And Not  
Seen In Jubilee Week.

1897

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BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.—XVII.

EDITED BY W. T. STEAD.

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**THE  
JUBILEE STORY BOOK**

OF  
THINGS SEEN AND NOT SEEN  
IN JUBILEE WEEK.

By W. T. STEAD.

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*WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.*



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BOOKS FOR THE BAIRNS.—XVII.

EDITED BY W. T. STEAD.

*Contributed*  
THE *England*  
JUBILEE STORY BOOK

OF

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LONDON:  
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# PREFACE.



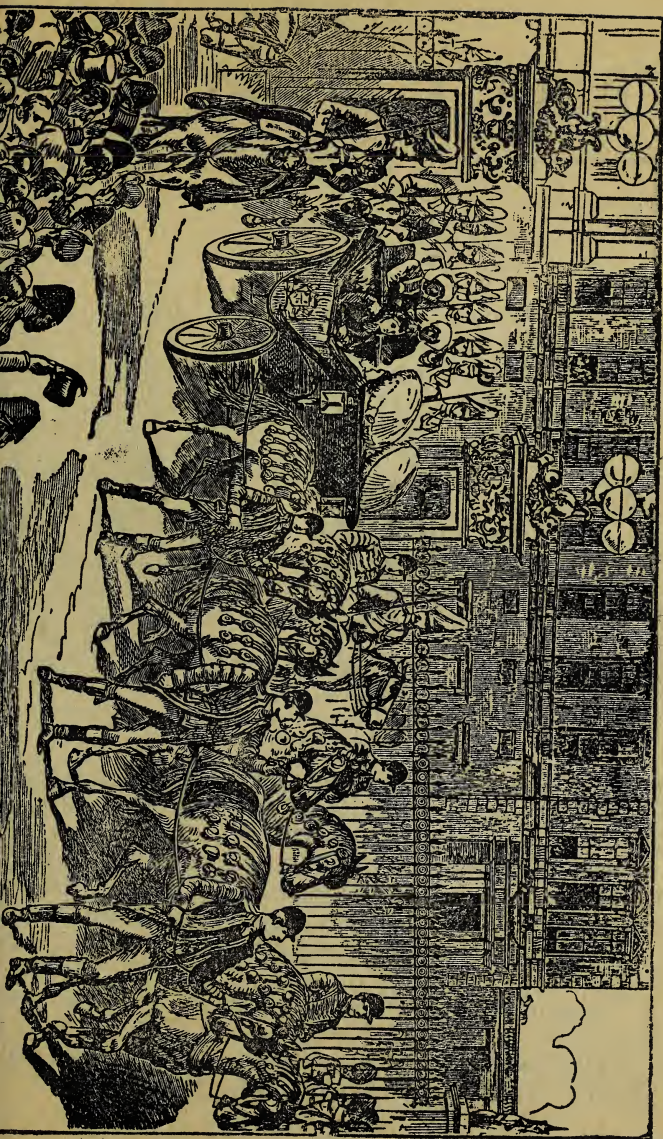
DURING the month of June, 1897, everybody heard so much about the Jubilee of our good Queen that I thought it would be well to bring out a little book as a sequel to "Our Mother-Queen" which would tell our bairns all about the Jubilee.

In writing it I have tried not so much to condense the numerable columns of description that have filled our newspapers of things which the reporters have seen, as to describe those things which were not seen, but suggested, by the great National and Imperial Festival through which we have just passed. In things political and national, as well as in all other human affairs, it is the things that are unseen that are eternal; those which are seen are as the morning mist and the early dew.

Hence in this little Book for the Bairns I have not piled up statistics as to the miles of bunting or the millions of lambs which have been employed in giving outward expression to the delight of the British folk at the long life and good government of their Queen, but rather have I tried to use the great pageant as a peephole through which the bright eyes of the least of our little ones may peer out across the ages into the infinite Past and may also now and then catch glimpses of the infinite Future.

Jubilee Day, like every other day, was the meeting point of the Eternities. Its chief importance may be found in the suggestions which it brought, to look before and after, to consider what we have been, and to think of what we may be. The fireworks of Jubilee Day have long since flared out in silence and smoke, the decorations are all down, the dinners have all been eaten, the gorgeous pageant of the Imperial procession has passed by, and the great fleet has dispersed, never again to be re-assembled. But the thought of all that went before, the thought of all that may come hereafter, which the rush and noise and commotion of the Jubilee struck out of our minds as the friction strikes light from the match, will remain with us as a possession that will never be taken from us.

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# THE JUBILEE STORY BOOK



“WHERE IS THE CAMEL GONE?”

“WHAT are you looking for?” said an Arab to a man who was walking fast across the desert, looking this way and that and seeming to be in great trouble.

“I’m looking for my friend,” the man replied. “We were travelling together, but this morning I slept too long and he started without me. All day long I have sought for him in vain. I can see him nowhere. And I am almost in despair.”

“Was your friend,” said the Arab, “a lame man with a heavy pack?”

“Yes,” said the stranger eagerly. “Have you seen him? When? Where? Oh, tell me, that I may find him!”





THE MISSING MERCHANT AND HIS CAMEL.

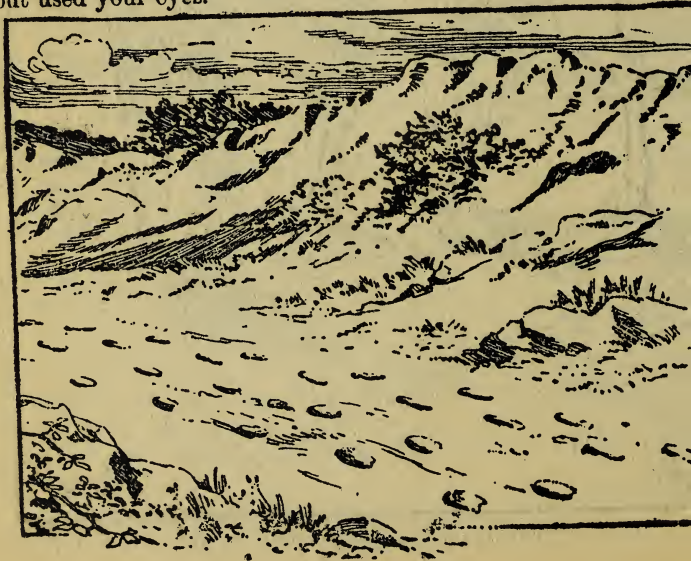
"Since sunset last night," said the Arab, "I have seen no man till I saw you. But your friend—was he lame on the right leg? and did he carry a stick in his left hand?"

"You must have seen him!" cried the stranger; "he limped badly, for he had hurt his foot. Which way did he go? Tell me, for without him I will die."

"Your friend," said the Arab, "I have not seen. But three hours ago such a man as you describe, clad in blue raiment, was leading a light-coloured camel that was blind in one eye, and was laden with a burden of dates. He passed this spot on his way to Damascus. There, if you hasten, you will find him."

"Are you a wizard that you know all this?" cried the stranger. "You describe my friend, but you have never seen him. You tell me all about his old camel, and where he has gone. How do you know about him?"

"Stranger," said the Arab, "God has given all men eyes but only to a few has He given the power to use them. All that I have told you you might have seen for yourself if you had but used your eyes."



THE TELL-TALE TRACKS.

"Say not so," replied the other, "for I have looked everywhere, and could see nothing."

The Arab said nothing, but with a sign he motioned the stranger to follow him. As they walked a little way they came to the fresh track of a camel, and on the right-hand side the track of a man.

"See," said the Arab, "there are the foot-marks of your friend and his beast."

"Of a man and a camel truly," replied the other; "but how do I know that the man was my friend?"



THE RAG ON THE THORN.

The Arab trod on the sand by the foot-prints. "Look," he said; "do you see any difference between my foot-prints and his?"

The other looked for a time. "Your feet," he said, "sink equally into the sand, but the other's not equally. One foot sinks more deeply, much more deeply, than either of yours, the other less deeply."

Then said the Arab, "We all tread lightly on a lame foot, and a heavy man sinks deeper into the ground on one leg than a spare man on two."

"True," said the other; "but how do you know the colour of his camel and the hue of his garment, or the burden with which the beast was laden?"

"Is it so difficult, then," replied he, "to see the colour of the fragment of apparel caught by the thorns, or the hairs that were left on the sand where the camel rested?" And as he spoke he pointed to where the traveller had left behind him a shred of his raiment.

"Yes, I see," said the other; "but how do you know that the camel bore a burden of dates, and was blind in one eye?"



THE FLIES ON THE DATE JUICE.

"Can you," replied the Arab, "not see the flies feasting on the date juice that dropped on the sand by the side of the camel's track? And wherever the camel browsed, it only grazed on one side, the side on which it could see."

"Verily I perceive thou art a man of wonderful discernment," said the stranger; "but answer me this also: How couldst thou tell that it is but three hours since he passed this spot?"

"Hast thou, then, eyes and seest not?" said the other scornfully. "Mark the spot where they lay in the shade of

reading palm. The shadow of the palm tree is as the hand on the dial. It was three hours since any shade was possible on that spot. Farewell. Hasten along the road that leadeth to Damascus, there thou wilt find thy friend."



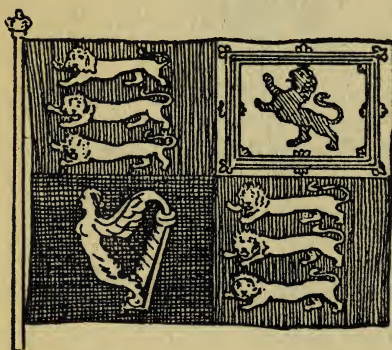
THE CLOCK OF THE DESERT.

That little story of how it is possible, by taking notice, to see things that are unseen will help you to understand what I mean when I say that the most interesting things at the Jubilee were those which possibly you never noticed, because no one ever taught you how to use your eyes.

The flies on the date juice, the bit of rag on the thorn bush, the side the herbage was cropped, the place where the camel had been by the way—all were full of meaning to the Arab of the desert. They spoke to him, and he understood. At the Jubilee there were lots of things like that speaking to you, and yet you never heard and never understood. The track on the sand in the story did not tell more clearly of the traveller who had passed than what you saw on Jubilee Day was telling of those who had gone on before, long centuries ago. You know that in a musical box if you touch one stop the music will play beautiful music, and if you touch another it will

play quite a different tune. Nearly everything you saw on Jubilee Day was like one of these stops on the musical box. You have only to press them one after another and the melody of the long-buried past, with all its romance of love and chivalry, of heroism, and of adventure, sounds in your ears. In this little book I want just to tell you some of the stories that come out when you press these Jubilee stops.

## I.—THE STORY OF THE CROSS.



THE ROYAL STANDARD.

TAKE, for instance, the flag which you saw everywhere. If you could but hear all the flags sang as they waved in the wind, you would never lack for stories all the day of your life. For these "flags" that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze have written upon them a symbol or picture all manner of interesting stories. You know that long before you had learned to read you were able to understand

pictures. Long ago, when hardly anybody could read or write, it was necessary to teach men by pictures—brightly coloured pictures hoisted on the top of long poles. You must not be surprised at this for it is only quite recently that the people were taught to read. Why, even William the Conqueror, the great king who fought the battle of Hastings and seized England for the Normans, could not write his name. Many of the greatest warriors and kings never learned their A B C's. All they learnt was by being told things, or by pictures. Even now you can see how picture language is used where people cannot read by observing the signs painted on shops in cities like St. Petersburg. In England, where everybody reads, we have no longer signboards; we only paint on the shop the name of what it contains and its owner. But in Russia, where few people read, all shops have

ictures painted outside, to tell every one what is sold. A greengrocer paints up a cabbage, a butcher a leg of mutton. Just in the same way our forefathers used flags as pictures. And very wonderful pictures they are these flags—pictures inside of pictures, like those Chinese balls that are inside of balls. It would need more than the whole of this little book to tell all the stories connected with the Royal Standard and the Union Jack alone.

There is the Union Jack, for instance, the national flag which you saw everywhere at the Jubilee. There is not a line of colour in that flag that does not have its own story. It is a picture in colours, one picture painted over another, and each with its own meaning. First of all, there is the broad cross of red in the centre, that is the oldest picture of all; it is the Red Cross of St. George, the first national flag of Merry England.

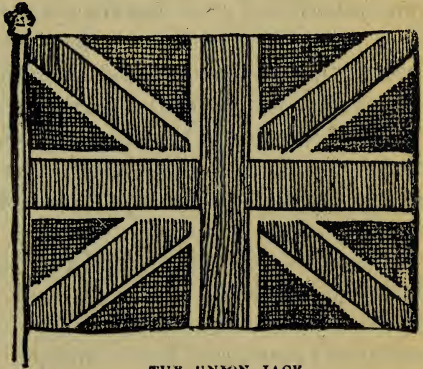
But why a cross? Nay, why three crosses, a Red Cross, a Blue Cross, and a White Cross?

“There is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where our dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.”

and you can never see the Union Jack without seeing this cross in Red, in White, and in Blue, three times in one flag.

The meteor flag of England is first of all the Flag of the Cross. That is its foundation, that is its idea, that is all there is of it. Our brave soldiers and sailors who go out to do battle against the enemies of England fight and die under the banner of the Cross.

Of all the fairy-stories in the nursery, there is none more marvellous than the change of the Cross, the gallows of long ago—on which the Romans executed in torture the slaves and



THE UNION JACK

George, the first national flag of

criminals whom they believed were too worthless and too wicked to be allowed to live any longer in the world—into the glory of the nations. It beats the story of Beauty and the Beast all to pieces, for the Beast was only ugly—the poor Beast!—and when Beauty loved him and kissed him, he only became beautiful. But the Cross, the Roman gallows tree, was not merely ugly, it was hateful and cruel and shameful; it was the emblem of a death that was worst and most despised in the world. But just because nearly two thousand years ago a poor wandering Jew, whom His countrymen thought to be a blasphemer, and the Romans believed to be a madman, was nailed to the Cross to die in torture, the Cross has become the symbol and the emblem of everything that is holiest and bravest and most glorious in the whole world.

The death of Jesus on the Cross, which was to save all men, began its wonderful work by saving the Cross itself—saving it from shame, from horror, from the outer darkness of sin and crime and agony and death, and transforming it until it became the pride and the glory of the world.

The Jubilee of our Queen was greater and more significant than any Roman triumph. The Empire that rejoiced with her and thanked God for His infinite mercy and loving-kindness in these years was far vaster and more splendid than any Cæsar ever ruled. And yet the one sign that was exalted everywhere to the highest honour, to the greatest glory, was the sign of the Cross on the banner of England. Some day you will read Tennyson's great poem on "The Defence of Lucknow," which begins:—

"Banner of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast thou  
 Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle cry!  
 Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on high,  
 Flying at top of the roofs"

—not, we may say, in the dread siege of the Indian city, but on Jubilee Day, when everywhere round the whole earth, which was filled with the glory and the praise of the Queen—in cities





“HOLD THOU THY CROSS BEFORE MY CLOSING EYES.”

and village, in spacious continent, and in tiny islets set jewels in the deep blue sea, "Ever upon the topmost roof banner of England blew." Everywhere the Cross, the Cross, gleamed on high, in the flag beneath whose folds hundred millions of men live together in peace, none dare to make them afraid.

You know that good Catholics look at a crucifix to remind them of the sufferings and the death of Christ. There is a hymn which you may have sung, which says :—

" Hold Thou Thy cross before my dying eyes."

The Union Jack is the Crucifix of the Empire, the Cross gleams ever resplendent in the glory of sacrifice before the glazing eyes of the heroes who, in bloody field or on stormy sea, have given their lives for England. And as Christ's death redeemed and glorified the Cross, so it can redeem and glorify your life and mine, and the lives of all men, until all the worst and wickedest in the world becomes changed into glory and radiance and happiness of Heaven.

That is the first story of the Jubilee, the fact that everywhere every one at every turn in every street saw the Cross and the Flag, and, seeing it, saw the picture emblem of the Spirit that Transformed the World.

## II.—THE STORY OF THE FLAG.

THE story of the Flag begins with the Cross. The centre of it is St. George's Cross. Have you never heard the story of St. George? You must at least have often heard of St. George and the Dragon. There is a picture on the back of the golden sovereign of the great fight between this valiant soldier and the deadly monster, and here is another picture of it. St. George



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

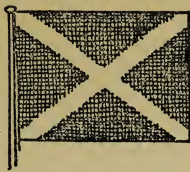
was a soldier who lived many hundred years ago. He was not only a very holy man, but a splendid warrior, who fought and killed a horrible dragon with fiery eyes and dreadful claws which had long devoured the poor people of the country side. Some people say that it is not true, and that it is only a fairy-story, that there never was a dragon in the world or a St. George; but these silly people are much to be pitied for poor things! for there have always been dragons in the world, horrible scaly monsters, which only a good brave hero like St. George could kill. If ever you are at the Crystal Palace, go and see the models of the saurians, which represent some of these monsters, now happily extinct, and you can imagine how brave St. George must have been to go and do battle with such hideous things, whose armour was like iron, and whose jaws were so strong that they could crush both man and horse as a squirrel cracks a nut.

St. George did not mind. He risked his life, and saved the people. And so for the sake of that great deed he became the patron saint of England. His Cross became the English flag, and our forefathers when they went into the battle-field used to shout, "St. George for Merrie England!" And St. George helped them, too, as he will help you and me if you will, but think about him. For St. George is an example of what each of us ought to be, of what England is and must always seek to be. He was no coward. He never flinched, he never funk'd; he trusted to God and to his own good sword, and where the Dragon was he went for him there and then, caring not if he himself was killed, so long as he might slay the foulest beast. That is the spirit which has made England great: to fight not for yourself, but for those who are weak and helpless, and when you are in for a fight in a good cause against the dragon of the world, never to run away or be afraid because of the might and their fury. St. George did not, neither did England. And to remind each of us to be brave and very courageous, and to fight valiantly against the greatest and most terrible foes, we have St. George's Cross right in the centre of the flag.

But if you look at the Union Jack, you will see there are two other crosses. The Cross of St. Andrew, which was a white diagonal cross on a blue ground, and the Cross of St. Patrick, which was a red diagonal cross on a white ground. St. Andrew



RED CROSS OF  
ST. GEORGE.



WHITE CROSS OF  
ST. ANDREW.



RED CROSS OF  
ST. PATRICK.

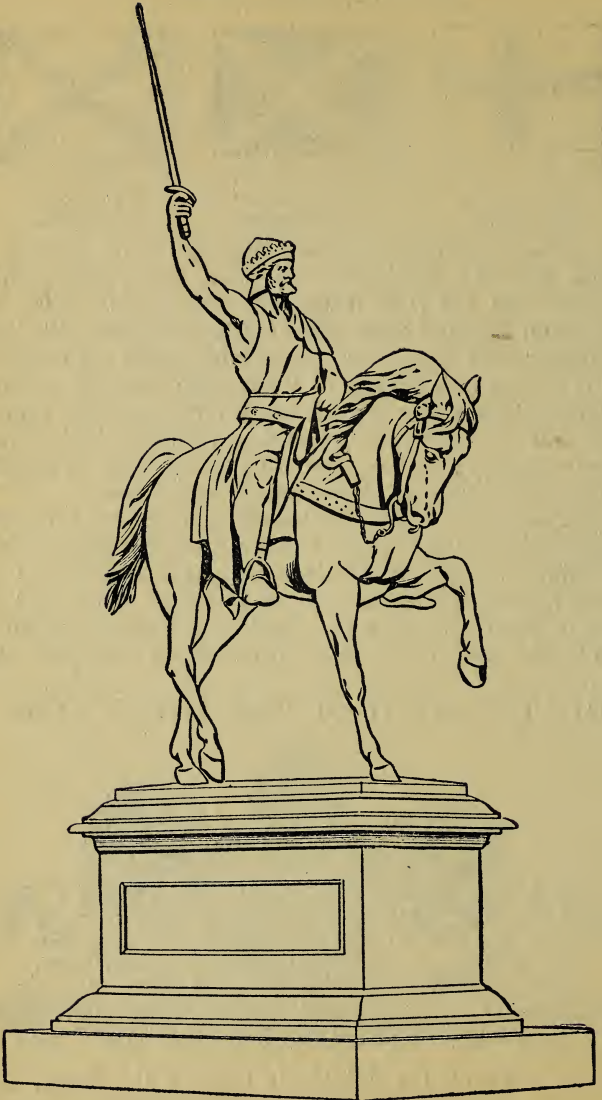
the patron saint of Scotland, St. Patrick of Ireland. St. Andrew was St. Andrew the Apostle, the patron saint of carpenters, and his Cross came into the flag in 1707, when Scotland and England came under one Government. St. Patrick is the great saint who converted the Irish people to Christianity. His Cross came into the flag in 1801, when Ireland was united with Great Britain. St. Patrick was a very wonderful man, who did no end of good work in saving the poor Irish from all manner of deadly evils; so much so that they have a saying to this day that he cast out all serpents from Ireland.

So you see in the Union Jack a real picture book of stories and marvels reaching back for hundreds and thousands of years. Three saints have signed the Cross as their mark upon it; three different nations are represented on it—three saints and three nations in one, each with a great history behind it, but all now united in one union of sacrifice and of service under the Queen.

### III.—THE STORY OF THE ROYAL ARMS.



Another story of the Jubilee is told by the Royal Arms.



STATUE OF RICHARD LION HEART AT WESTMINSTER PALACE.

You all have seen the Royal Arms. Coats of arms were the pictures that told people in old days when nobody could read who everybody was. Nowadays, you know, your father puts his name on a brass plate on his door, or paints it over his shop, and it is printed in a directory. But long ago, when people did not live so much in cities, and when they used to meet in armies, they wanted to know each other. They carried on their shields or their flags a picture that labelled them. Sometimes it was a picture of an animal, and sometimes of a bird, and sometimes of something else. These pictures were very necessary when men went about in armour, and no one could see their faces behind their helmets. When your mother married your father she dropped her maiden name, but some women do not. They add their husband's name to theirs, like Booth-Tucker, or Cron wright-Schreiner. In olden times, when people married, their children used to add the picture on the coat of arms of the wife to the picture on the coat of arms of her husband, and so a very complicated science of picture-interpretation called heraldry grew up.

In the Royal Coat of Arms there are so many stories hidden that it would take far too long to tell half of them. You know the old rhyme—

“The lion and the unicorn were fighting for the crown,  
The lion beat the unicorn and chased him round the town.”

But in the Royal Arms the two animals unite in supporting the crown, and there is another lion on the top of the crest. In the Royal Arms there are, if you look closely, nine lions, one unicorn, and one harp. There are also the red and the white roses of England, the shamrock of Ireland, and the thistle of Scotland. There are besides, the mottoes, both in French, each with a story behind it. Each of these things means something; there is a reason for everything, and by asking questions you will find out lots of things that you would never have thought of.

There is the motto, “Dieu et mon Droit.” What does it mean? “God and my right” is the English translation. Why is it not in English? Because once upon a time England was ruled by kings who spoke French, who came from France, and who reigned over half of France as well as England. The other motto, “Honi soit qui mal y pense” (“Evil be

to him who evil thinks"), is also in French. But how can "Dieu et mon Droit" be the Royal motto? To find that out, you must go back eight hundred years all but one, to the days of Richard Lion Heart. You have read about him, and you may have seen his statue at Parliament House. Some day you may read Scott's tales about him which you will find to be very interesting. Seven hundred and ninety-nine years ago, King Richard the Lion Heart, after he came back from the Crusades and from his captivity, was at war with France. The two armies came to battle at a place called Gisors, in Normandy. King Richard gave as the watchword of the English Army, "Dieu et mon Droit" ("God and my right"). And with this stout battle-cry the English went forth to fight, and they won such a great and notable victory over the French, that the King decided that he would put the motto into his coat of arms; and there it is to this day, to remind us all of the brave King Lion Heart and the victory which he gained over the French.

On the coat of arms there is a Scottish lion in the top corner on the right near the unicorn, that was added when James the Sixth of Scotland became James the First of England—nearly three hundred years ago. He also added at the same time the harp to represent Ireland. In the other quarters of the shield you will see six queer-looking animals, three in each quarter. These animals are heraldic lions, and they carry us back all the way to the Norman Conquest. When William the Conqueror came over in 1066 from Normandy to conquer England, he only bore upon his shield two lions. His grand son, Henry the Second, married Queen Eleanor, daughter of the Duke of Aquitaine, and as he became ruler over Aquitaine he added to the two lions of his grandfather a third lion, which represented the coat of arms of his wife's Duchy. So these three lions twice repeated on the Royal Coat of Arms are a picture-stories, first of the Norman Conquest, and next of the marriage by which our English King became ruler of nearly all western France, as you may see by the map on the opposite page.

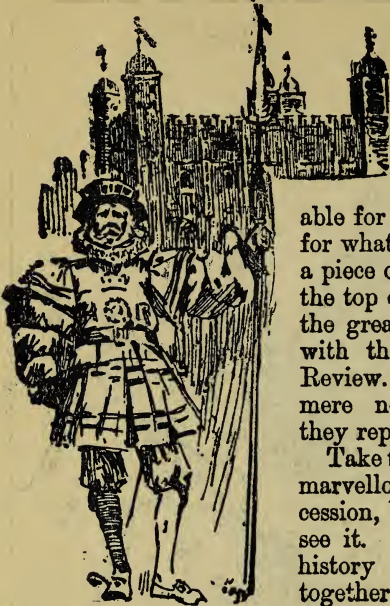
Nearly all nations have pictures of animals on their coats of arms. And our Colonies, which are young nations, have quite a menagerie of animals on their coats of arms.





POSSESSIONS OF THE ANGEVIN KINGS.

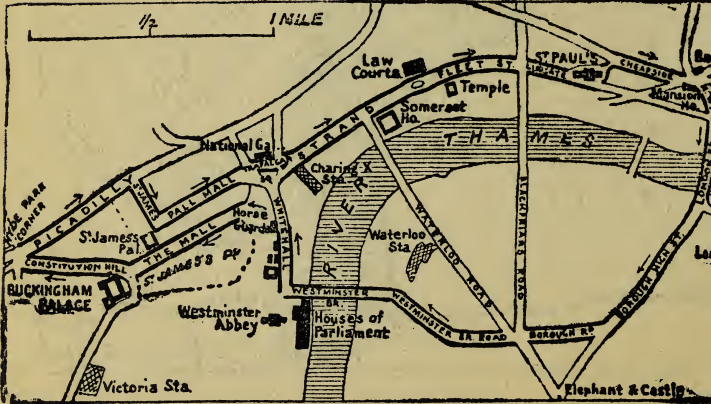
IV.—THE STORY OF THE LOADSTONE.



THERE were two things about the Jubilee which stand out before all others. One was the Procession at St. Paul's, the other was the Naval Review at Spithead.

Both were more remarkable for what was not to be seen than for what was seen. You know what a piece of ice floats in the water, just the top of it shows above the surface; the great mass lies below; so it was with the Procession, and with the Naval Review. What was seen was but mere nothing compared with what they represented.

Take the Procession first. The most marvellous thing was not the Procession, but the People who came to see it. Never before in the world's history have such crowds collected together in such small space. The



PLAN OF THE ROUTE FOLLOWED BY THE JUBILEE PROCESSION.

ere millions, it is said, crowding round the route of the procession. But although there were more millions in the streets of London than there were in all England when the Spanish Armada was defeated, these were but a handful compared with the hundreds of millions outside who were presented there. Never before was it possible to bring



PASSING THROUGH A TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

so many together in so short a space of time. In the old legend it is told that King Solomon had a magic carpet upon which if any one stepped and wished to be whisked through the air to any place, the carpet, with him upon it, was at once carried off to wherever he wished to be. The Solomon's carpet of to-day is the steam engine. To London there came, not quite so swiftly, but not less surely than on Solomon's magic carpet, men and women from all countries under heaven. Over sea and land they

came, hurrying swift as a bird flies, staying not by night or by day until they found themselves in the great city where they could do homage to our Sovereign Lady the Queen on the day when she thanked God for giving her a longer reign than any English Monarch.

Think for a moment of the Fire Genii of the nursery tale which flew with shadowing wings across the land, and ask if one of them was so wonderful as the Angel of Brass and Steel which with flaming fire in the heart of him, and the panting steam at the breath of his nostrils, flies at the rate of a mile a minute along his metalled road, bearing with him on a hundred wheels the children of men. Or think of the old fables about the Tritons and the Sea Gods who sometimes carried mortals along the surface of the ocean. What are they to the engine which with the combined power of ten thousand horses drives the Atlantic liner through stormy seas against adverse winds?

Now, what was it that brought these millions there? It was the attraction of the Loadstone of Loyalty.

Do you know what a loadstone is? It is a magnet. You have all surely seen a magnet, one of those little bars of iron sometimes made thin and straight, and sometimes in the shape of a long horse-shoe, one end of which is painted red, the other left with no paint at all. You may have played with it as a toy, drawing up tin fishes with it, or have amused yourself by making it pick up needles or steel filings—and so you will know the wonderful properties of the magnet, or loadstone. It attracts iron and steel. If you pass it through a heap of dust mixed with iron filings or broken bits of needles and pens, all the iron filings and steel scraps will separate themselves from the dust and rubbish and stick fast to the magnet.

Now, there is just the same wonderful thing to be seen in the Jubilee. There was the magic loadstone in the good Mother-Queen, and the love and loyalty felt towards her brought people together from all the world to do her reverence and to join themselves to her as the steel filings are joined to the magnet, drawn by the magic magnetism of the Throne.

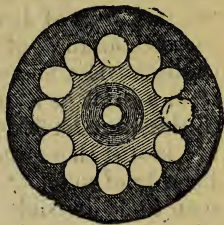
You cannot see magnetism—you cannot see loyalty. But it is the unseen things that are the most real things, and the invisible and spiritual that have the most power.

## V.—THE STORY OF THE SPEAKING WIRES.

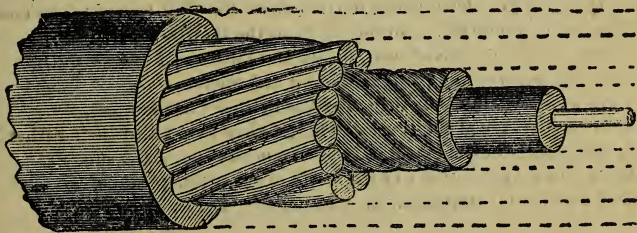
BEFORE the Queen went to St. Paul's, she sent a message to all parts of the world by pressing a little button. All that she had to do was to press her thumb upon a small button, and instantly there went forth to the uttermost ends of the earth the precious message of the Mother-Queen, from my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them!"

Is it not more wonderful than any fairy-story that the touch of a button in Buckingham Palace should make wires talk with ceaseless click, click, click at the other end of the world—in America, in India, in Africa, and in Australia?

How was it done? What is this miracle of the Speaking Wire? When savages first saw a white man read they said the book talked. So we say the wires speak, although they are as silent as the book. They are only the roads along which the



SECTION OF A CABLE.



HOW A TELEGRAPH CABLE IS MADE UP.

message rushes quicker than sound, almost as quick as light. Over the world men have been laying down these iron and copper roads, which they call telegraph wires and cables, until they have spun all the world over with a network of wires like the web of a spider. But every one of these wires is a road along which speeds silently, rapidly, constantly, the Messenger

of Man, bearing to and fro from continent to continent the words and the thoughts of his masters.

The ancients imagined that there was a swift messenger the Gods called Mercury, who, with winged sandals, conveyed the messages of Jove. Who is our Mercury who travels along these thousands of miles of suspended wires and ocean-buried cables? His name is Electricity. No one has ever seen more than a glint or a gleam of his presence. He dwells from of in the thundercloud and makes himself visible in the lightning. He is still there, and at times you all have heard and seen him for a brief moment. But when he is carrying the messages of man he is invisible. Not even a spark of flashing light betrays the presence of the swift Messenger of Man.

The deep sea cables, of two sections of which you see pictures on the preceding page, consist of a copper wire covered with gutta-percha, and carefully protected by other wires and other layers of gutta-percha and of fibres. They are laid across the bottom of the ocean to enable us to speak to our kinsfolk in the uttermost parts of the earth, and are sunk thousands of fathoms deep,

“ Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are  
 There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep,  
 Or the great grey level plains of ooze where the shell-burred cables creep.  
 Here in the womb of the world—here on the tie-ribs of earth  
 Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat—  
 Warning, sorrow, and gain, salutation and mirth—  
 For a Power troubles the Still that has neither voice nor feet.  
 They have wakened the timeless Things, they have killed their Father Time  
 Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the last of the sun.  
 Hush! men talk to-day o'er the waste of the ultimate slime,  
 And a new word runs between, whispering, ‘Let us be one!’ ”

A new word which the Queen spoke thus. Her message  
 “my beloved people” prayed for them the blessing of God.  
 And there is no greater blessing than that men should dwell  
 together in Unity and Peace.

## VI.—THE STORY OF ST. PAUL'S.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

and the place was sacred to the gods. In the old Roman times there stood here a temple of Diana, the Goddess of the Wood. As a centre of religious worship it is far older than Westminster Abbey, where the Queen was crowned, and it is far more central. It was to St. Paul's where she came in 1844 for the Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, and it was to St. Paul's where she came at Jubilee to worship on the same altar as the same God whom our remote forefathers worshipped as they knew under such names as they could invent to express the Infinite Invisible All Father.

The Thanksgiving Service took place in the open air. This was at first fixed because the Queen is lame and could not walk into the church. But it was seen to be better so, because in the hundreds of millions of the Queen's subjects there are many millions of Mohammedans, Hindoos, Buddhists, and men of all kinds of religions. They all sent their representatives to join in the Great Thanksgiving. The service itself was Christian, for the Queen is a Christian woman. But it was held under the great

THE Queen in her carriage drawn by eight splendid cream-coloured horses, preceded by a magnificent procession of warriors and of princes, came on Jubilee Day from her palace in the west to St. Paul's in the east of London, to thank God for all His mercies. Why did she come to St. Paul's? That is a story which goes back for more than a thousand years. St. Paul's is a new church, only two hundred years old, but it stands on the site of one of the oldest churches in all Britain. And long before Christians preached in this

dome of the sky, in the temple built without hands, wherein men can worship. In old times people believed that God was unable or unwilling to hear the prayers of His children unless they were said in certain forms and uttered in certain buildings, as if He were a kind of punctilious monarch



STATUE OF QUEEN ANNE IN FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S.

must be addressed solely in the official language of the Court. But now we do not do Him the injustice of imputing to Him our own pride and narrow intolerance. For we know that He has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, so He hears the cry of every heart that does in all sincerity go out



him in longing and in love. Nor do we now think that a prayer to our Father which is in Heaven will not find its way because it is directed to Diana, to Allah, or to Buddha. In the General Post Office there is a Dead Letter Office, where great pains are taken to re-direct letters which have been wrongly



INDIAN TROOPERS IN THE PROCESSION.

addressed ; and you may be sure that the good God who loves us all will be at least as careful as the postman to see that a petition addressed to Him is not lost merely because of an error in the direction.

There was, as you know, a great crowd around St. Paul's. But there was a greater multitude, which no man could number,

in and around the great church. Under the gilded cross that towers aloft, high above "streaming London's central roar," lie the bodies of the two great warriors whose name and whose fame are the pride and the glory of the English-speaking race all round the world. Wellington sleeps there, and Nelson, kings of war by land and sea. They were laid to rest where, as Tennyson wrote of one—

"The sound of those he wrought for,  
And the feet of those he fought for,  
Echo round his bones for ever."

And around them there are lying the ashes of innumerable kings and statesmen, soldiers and saints who have lived and worshipped and have been buried in St. Paul's, century after century.

For nearly a thousand years this church was the heart and centre of the life of the City of London. The citizens mustered here in war, and at the great west door, where the Queen came to pray, it was their custom to present the banner of St. Paul's to the Castellan of the City, who came armed, on horseback, to receive this as his commission to protect London against danger from without and within. St. Paul's is as a wonderful bridge which spans the centuries and links the great festival of the Jubilee with the solemn rites of the Roman conquerors, who, for some hundreds of years, reared their altars on its site. And as you travel back to the other end of that bridge you seem to hear the chanting of the terrible prophetesses who sang to the British Queen, Boadicia, the prophecy so wonderfully fulfilled to-day:—

"Fear not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery parapets!  
Tho' the Roman Eagle shadow thee, tho' the gathering enemy narrow thee,  
Thou shalt wax and he shalt dwindle, thou shalt be the mighty one yet!  
Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be celebrated,  
Thine the myriad rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable,  
Thine the lands of lasting summer, many blossoming Paradises,  
Thine the north, and thine the south, and thine the Battle Thunder of God."

## VII.—THE STORY OF THE PROCESSION.



A LANCER IN THE PROCESSION.

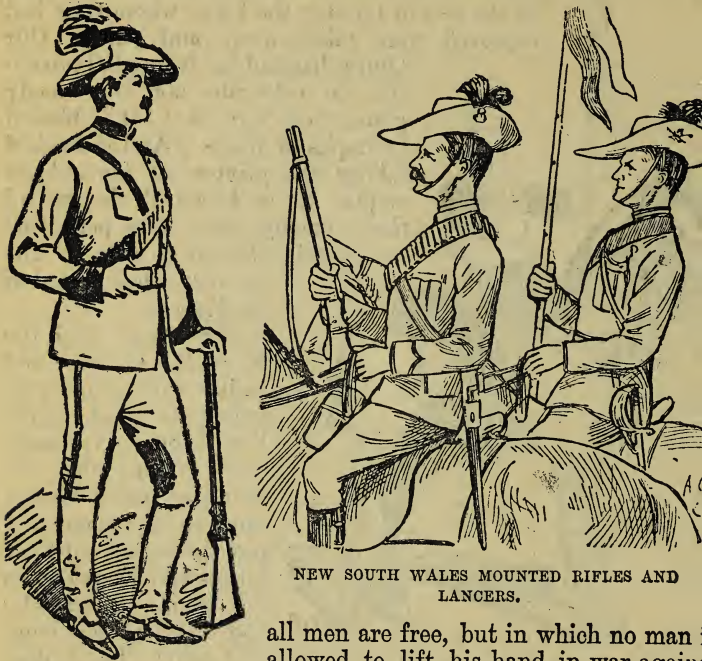
THE Romans used to have great triumphal processions through Rome in honour of their generals who had conquered the enemy; and at the end of the day the kings whom they had captured were taken away and killed. Our Queen has had her triumphal procession to celebrate not the bloody glories of war, but the blessed triumphs of peace. And instead of taking the princes of her subject empire to be killed at the end of the ceremony, they were permitted as a special favour to ride as the escort and bodyguard of the Queen.

The Army and the Navy, the Colonies and India were all represented in that great Procession. Ambassadors from all the countries under heaven came to do honour and pay the respects of their Kings and Emperors to the good Queen who had reigned so long. But what the British people loved best to see

was the Colonial Prime Ministers and the Colonial Troops. For to us it was as if our children, who had gone forth to found new homes across the seas, were gathering once more in the old homestead of the Motherland.

We have sixty-five colonies now, in which there live more English-speaking people than there were in England when Cromwell fought for the liberties of the people, and the men of the *Mayflower* sailed across the Atlantic to found New England

beyond the seas. And now for the first time since the great exodus they have come back again, with their hearts full of love and of loyalty and of devotion to the Fatherland and the Mother-Queen, telling us how they have fared in their great work of taming the savage races, and of reclaiming the desert, and of felling the forest, and of building up the great Empire in which



NEW SOUTH WALES MOUNTED RIFLES AND LANCERS.

ATROOPER FROM AUSTRALIA.

all men are free, but in which no man is allowed to lift his hand in war against his brother man.

And as they rode before the Queen, these stalwart mounted men from Canada, Australia, Africa, and the West Indies, all armed, all trained, all true, we remembered the words of Mr. Laurier, the Prime Minister of Canada:—"England has proved at all times that she can fight her own battles, but if the day should come when England is in danger, let the bugle sound, let the fires be kindled on the hills, and whatever we can do shall be done by the Colonies to help the Mother Country."



CYPRUS MILITARY POLICE.

The Procession itself, which rode in stately pride through the six miles of crowded streets, was but a symbol and a sign of the immense worlds behind—a world of the ever-living dead who fought at Cressy and Poitiers, at Agincourt and at Waterloo—a world of the ever-expanding present, which, even as the clock ticks, is growing wider and greater as the cradle is filled in the new lands beyond the seven seas, and the race multiplies and increases, which has no other centre save the Throne of the land from which they sprang.

WEST AFRICAN  
HAUSSA.SIERRA LEONE  
POLICE.BRITISH NORTH  
BORNEO POLICE.BRITISH GUIANA  
POLICE.

## VIII.—THE STORY OF OLD LONDON.

WHEN the Queen came to Temple Bar she was met by Lord Mayor, who welcomed her to the old City of London. He then rode before her bareheaded all the way until she reached the City. It was an interesting reminder of old-world times.



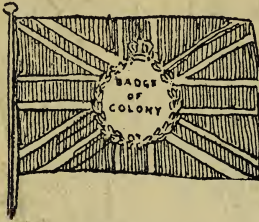
OLD TEMPLE BAR.

Here is a map of the old City of London, which had stone walls all round it, and which was guarded by day and by night with bolts and with bars against possible enemies. One of the oldest and most famous of these gates was Temple Bar, which was only pulled down a few years ago. The City of London is a small place—only one square mile in area, and with a population of less than 100,000. All round it the great London has grown up, covering forty square miles, and affording food and shelter for four millions of people. This is just like what

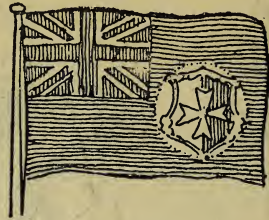


LONDON IN THE DAYS OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

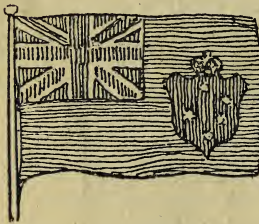
happened with Britain herself. The City of London is to Great London what Great Britain is to Greater Britain. The historic place at the centre remains where it was, with its antiquated form of government, while outside a great new world



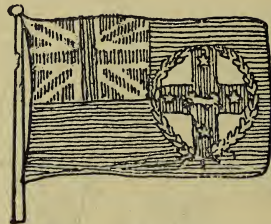
A COLONIAL FLAG.



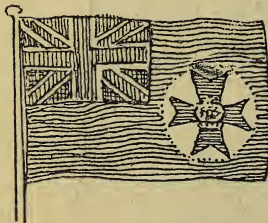
MALTA.



VICTORIA (AUSTRALIA).



NEW SOUTH WALES.



QUEENSLAND (AUSTRALIA).

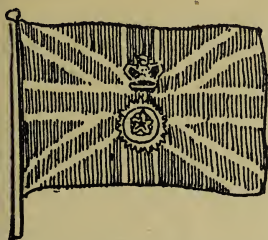


CAPE COLONY.

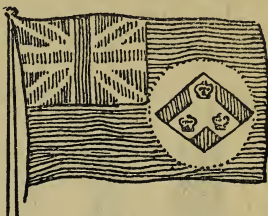
## FLAGS OF THE COLONIES.



life and wealth and power has sprung up. The London County Council has quite recently been created to provide a local government for the Greater London. We have still to create a County Council or central representative governing



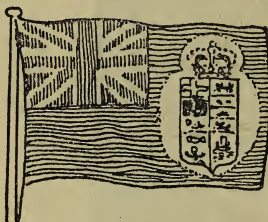
GOVERNOR-GEN. OF INDIA.  
"Heaven's light our Guide."



STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.



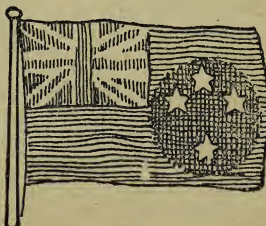
WEST AFRICAN COLONIES.



CANADA.



TASMANIA.

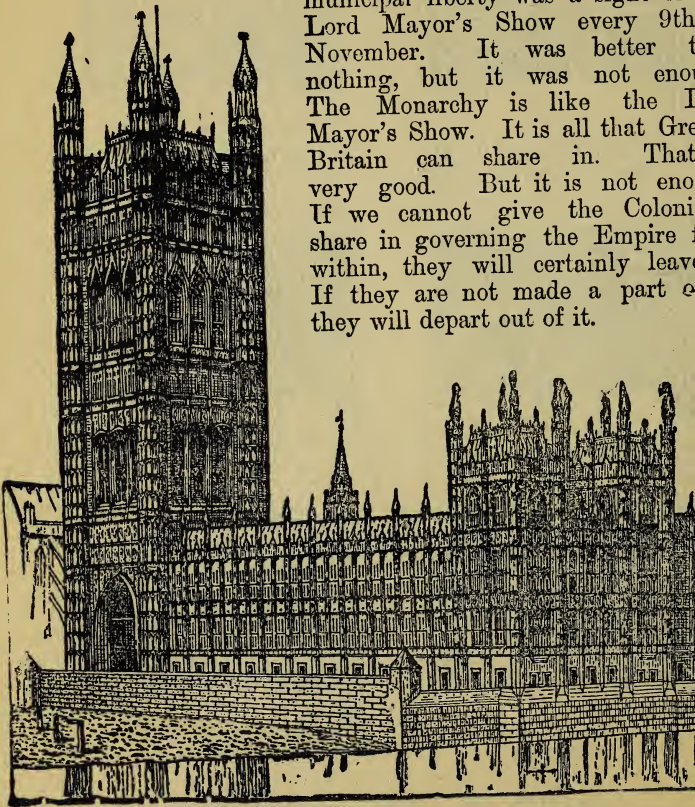


NEW ZEALAND.

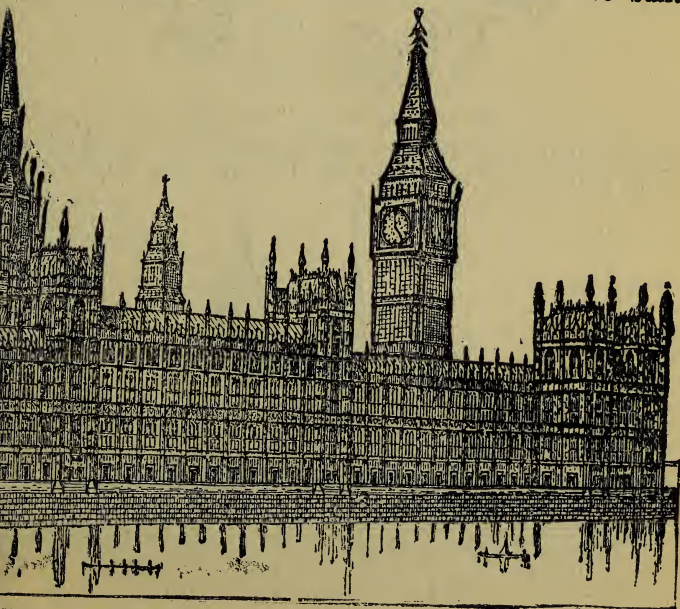
FLAGS OF THE COLONIES.

body for Greater Britain. The Colonial Premiers, the Colon Forces, all warn us that if we do not let them share in government of the Empire they will not stay much long within its boundaries. For you know that although the Queen is on the throne, the laws are made and the policy of the country directed by the people who elect the Parliament. Before the County Council gave Greater London a representative central government, the only share allowed

Londoners outside Temple Bar municipal liberty was a sight of the Lord Mayor's Show every 9th of November. It was better than nothing, but it was not enough. The Monarchy is like the Lord Mayor's Show. It is all that Greater Britain can share in. That is very good. But it is not enough. If we cannot give the Colonies a share in governing the Empire within, they will certainly leave. If they are not made a part of it, they will depart out of it.



The Procession on returning came past the Palace at Westminster. That is the place where the Colonies will have to be represented. It is there where the government of the Empire is carried on. It is there where Englishmen living in the Colonies will have to be heard just the same as if they were living in Kent or in Sussex. The Home Counties and the Colonies, it is all the same. In the Procession there was only one section of the English-speaking race which was represented as if it were a foreign power. The English-speaking men in the United States own no allegiance to the Throne of England. On their flag is no blood-red cross. They were driven out of the household by the folly of George the Third and the English of last century. It is to be hoped that we shall profit by that grim lesson when our Colonial children ask for their due share at the table of the Old Home. Since that fatal folly of our forefathers, we have allowed our Colonies to govern themselves, and some of them have built



PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

parliament houses for themselves which are not unworthy



THE TIME OF DAY IN THE QUEEN'S POSSESSIONS.

the children of those who reared the Palace at Westminster  
The parliament buildings at Ottawa, the Capital of

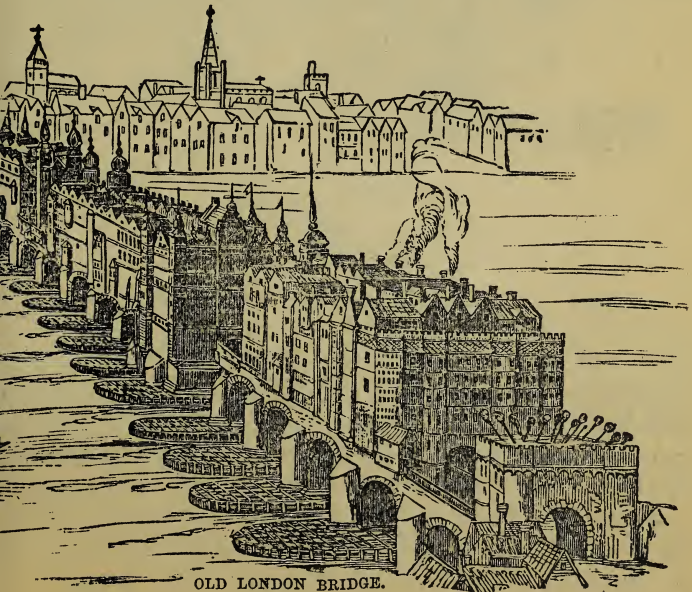


PARLIAMENT HOUSE IN OTTAWA, CANADA,

minion of Canada, are a splendid testimony to the energy and ambition of our fellow subjects in America. But although they make their own laws for themselves, they are still bound in questions of peace and war by the decision of the Government at Westminster, in which they have no voice. And that will have to be altered. For English-speaking men always expect to be consulted by their rulers before they are sent to war. And if any Government, even the Government of the good Queen, were to order them to go to war without asking their consent, they would refuse to obey. For we are a self-governing people and not dumb, driven cattle, and if we cannot contrive some way of consulting the Colonies on questions of peace and war, the Colonies will consult their own self-respect, leaving us to fight our battles by ourselves.

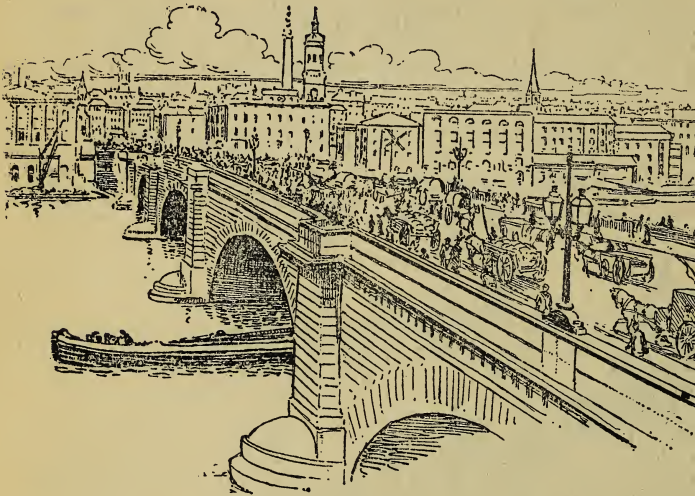
### IX.—THE STORY OF LONDON BRIDGE.

WHEN the Queen crossed the River, after leaving St. Paul's, she went over London Bridge. Once upon a time London



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

Bridge was a street crowded with houses, as you may see in picture. It had its dungeon, its towers, its chapels, and its gaol. It was the scene of many a terrible fight. Kings have been defeated in the attempt to force their way across its arches, and its capture was one of the most brilliant achievements of the rebellions alike of Wat Tyler and of Jack Cade. But for more than a hundred years no sound of gun fired in war has been heard from its piers. The last great peril which threatened of



LONDON BRIDGE AS IT IS TO-DAY.

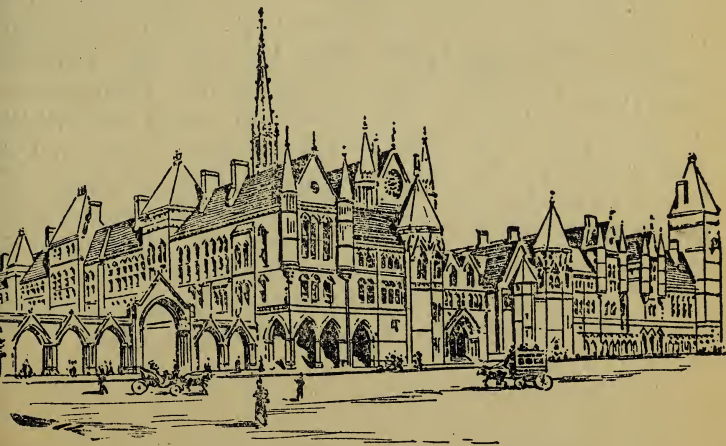
kind was averted by the great commander who defeated Napoleon, and it is a pretty symbol that the lamp-posts which give light to the myriads who cross London Bridge by night have been made from the cannon captured by Wellington from the French in the war in Spain and Portugal.

At one end of the old Bridge stood the Traitors' Gate Tower, on the top of which the heads and limbs of the enemies of England were stuck on spikes to rot in sun and wind.

The head of Sir William Wallace, the noble knight of Ellerslie, whom you may have read in "The Scottish Chiefs," was stuck on a spike on Traitors' Gateway, and so was the head of Jack Cade. On Jubilee Day the Queen, if she remembered Traitors' Gateway at all, thought with far more love and reverence of Sir William Wallace than of any of his executioners, and of the millions who applauded her there were none who would have lifted hand or voice in her honour if they had not long ago substantially obtained the popular liberties and rights for which Jack Cade rose in rebellion.

## X.—THE STORY OF THE TEMPLE OF JUSTICE.

Some day when you are older you will read a famous passage in which a great historian, Macaulay, imagines that a time may come when a New Zealander may sit upon the broken arches of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. The New



ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE IN THE STRAND.

Zealanders, Maories, and Colonists alike who visited London during the Jubilee came for a very different purpose. It is well to remember in the midst of all the pomp and grandeur and glory of the Imperial Jubilee that empires rise and fall and that Nebuchadnezzar was never so near his doom as when his heart was lifted up within him at the thought of the great Babylon which he had built.

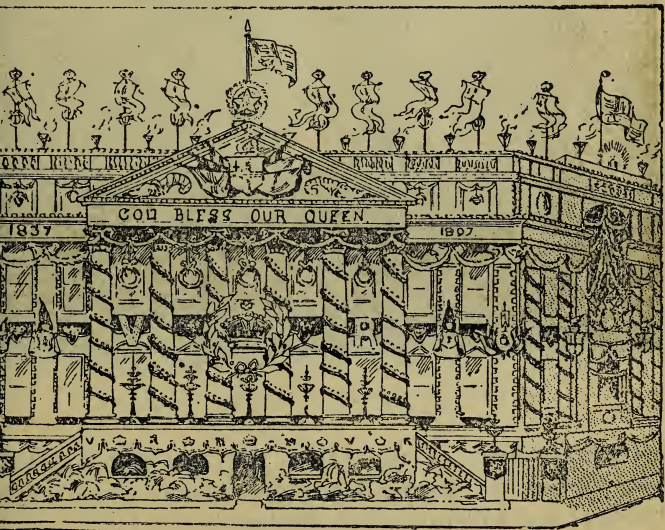
"Where they have been that we know. Where Empires towered that were just,  
Lo, the skulking wild fox scratches in a little heap of dust."

And that brings me back to a picture which represents what was, perhaps, the most important of all the buildings which the Queen passed on her way to St. Paul's. It is the Royal Courts of Justice in the Strand, just before you come to where the Griffin monument stands on the site of old Temple Bar. Here it is that we have one of the great centres of the Empire. The Courts of Justice represent the only institution which is in daily constant communication with every part of the Empire, and which also stands in close relation to the only section of the English-speaking world that does not recognize the British Crown. Americans equally with Colonials and home-born Englishmen obey the majesty of English law. The decisions of these Courts of Justice in the Strand are quoted as authority in every part of the English-speaking world, while to the same Courts cases are carried, on appeal, from all parts of the Colonies and of India. Remember always that it is English law, English religion, and English language which make the English race, far more even than English Monarchy or the English Parliament, and that in the High Courts of Justice are the very Headquarters and Temple of the English Law.



## I.—THE STORY OF THE ILLUMINATIONS.

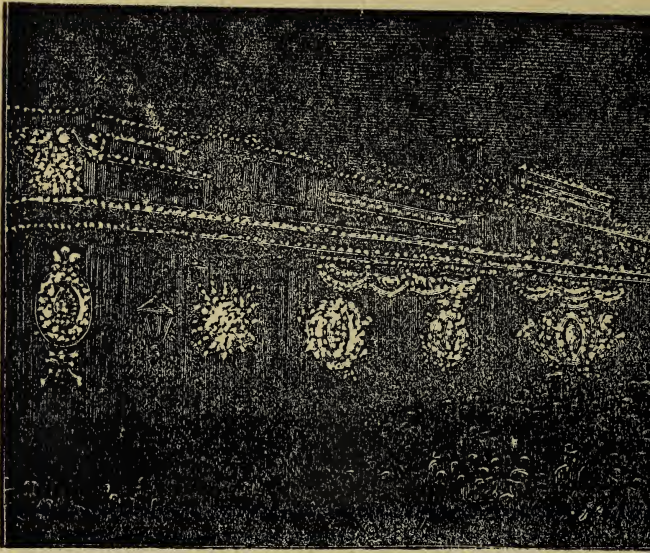
to make light in the darkness has always been a favourite method of expressing joy. As the sun dispels the night, so the Jubilee light banishes gloom, as a smile dismisses a frown.



ILLUMINATIONS AT THE MANSION HOUSE (THE LORD MAYOR'S RESIDENCE).

everywhere, but especially in the line of the Queen's route, here they did all that they could to make the night of the Jubilee as bright as the day. Here are some of the illuminations that were arranged with the decorations.

But the most famous of the illuminations were the bonfires. All the high points, and many points that were not high, in England and Scotland were on the night of June 22nd surmounted



ILLUMINATIONS AT THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

by a great flame of fire. Over two thousand five hundred bonfires were set blazing by a given signal at ten o'clock in England and half-past ten in Scotland.

In olden times, bonfires kindled on a beacon-hill were signals that enemies were coming. When the Spanish Armada approached England in Queen Elizabeth's reign, fires on beacon-hills sent the news from one end of England to the other. On Jubilee night, there were far more bonfires lighted for other purpose than that of showing joy and gladness at the extreme length of the good Queen's reign.

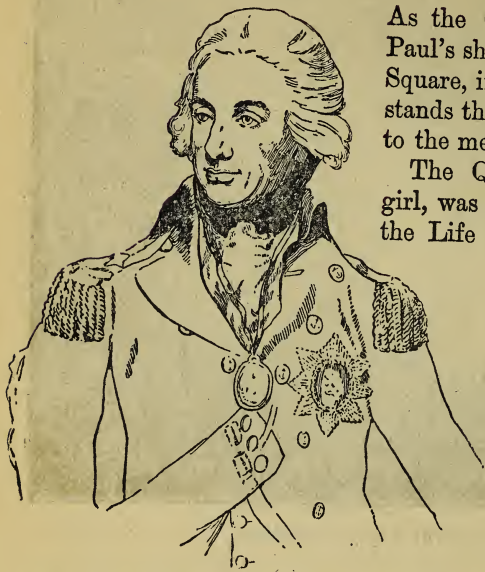
far away back thousands of years, when our forefathers  
hipped the sun as God's messenger, they used to light bon-



ONE OF THE BEACON BONFIRES.

on high hills every Midsummer's eve. But not even when  
worship prevailed in England were there so many bonfires  
nose which blazed on Jubilee night.

## XII.—THE STORY OF THE FLEET.



LORD NELSON.

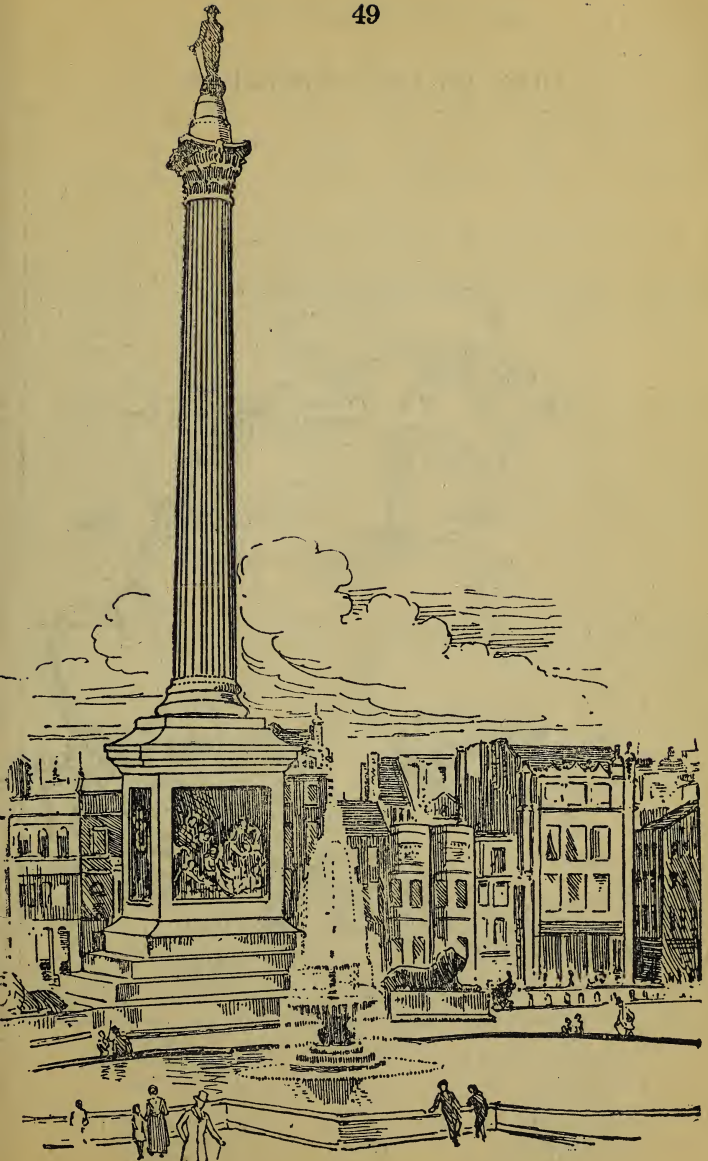
As the Queen passed to Paul's she drove past Trafalgar Square, in the centre of which stands the great column set to the memory of Nelson.

The Queen, when a little girl, was very fond of reading the Life of Lord Nelson, the

great sailor and  
fighter, who  
victories made  
Britain the Queen  
of the Seas. For  
the safety and  
prosperity of  
Britain depended  
more upon her  
power to rule the  
sea than upon  
anything else.

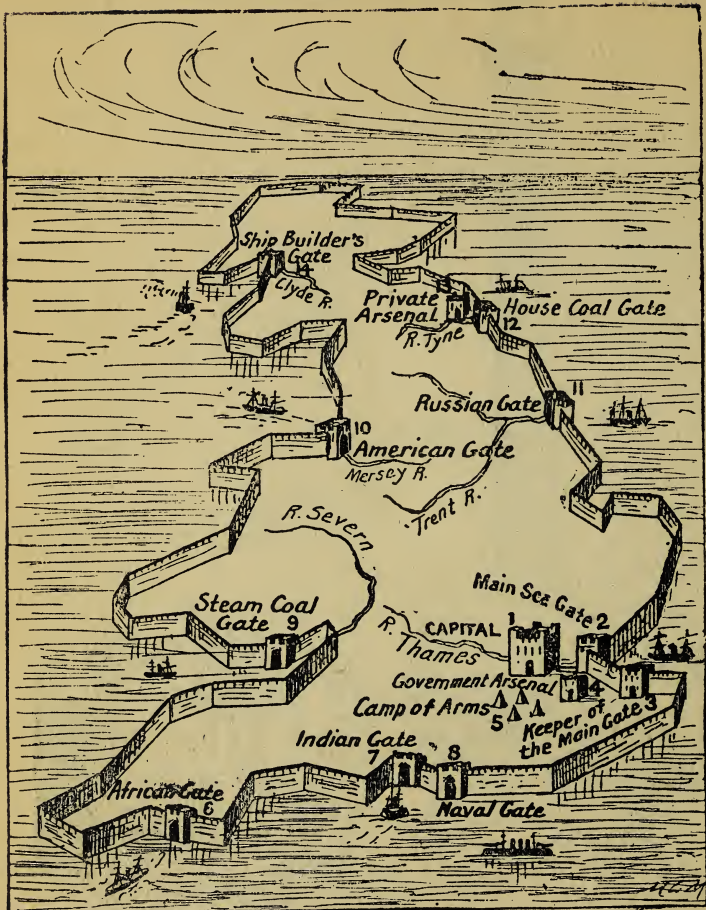
Three-fourths of the world is water and only one-fourth land. Of the one-fourth dry land the Queen reigns over one quarter, but she reigns as Queen over all the sea, except such inland lakes as the Caspian. Wherever there is salt water, with an open right of way to the great oceans, there the power of England is supreme.

The frontiers of England are not her own shores, but the coastline of her enemies. In time of peace, of course the authority of England is not exercised. All other nations use the sea freely, and sail about with ironclads or merchant ships as they



THE NELSON COLUMN IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

OUR ISLAND FORTRESS.



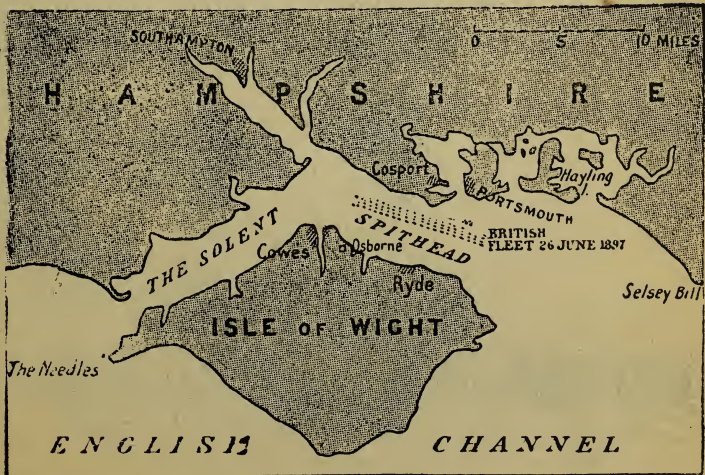
- 1.—LONDON.
- 2.—THAMES MOUTH.
- 3.—CHATHAM.
- 4.—WOOLWICH.
- 5.—ALDERSHOT.
- 6.—PLYMOUTH.
- 7.—SOUTHAMPTON

- 8.—PORTSMOUTH.
- 9.—CARDIFF.
- 10.—LIVERPOOL.
- 11.—HULL.
- 12.—SUNDERLAND.
- 13.—NEWCASTLE.
- 14.—GLASGOW.

please. But let any one of them quarrel with England, and in a moment their flag would vanish from the sea. Here and there, perhaps, a few swift ships would dodge about trying to capture stray British ships, but their warships would disappear, and the power and the authority of the British fleet would be absolute.

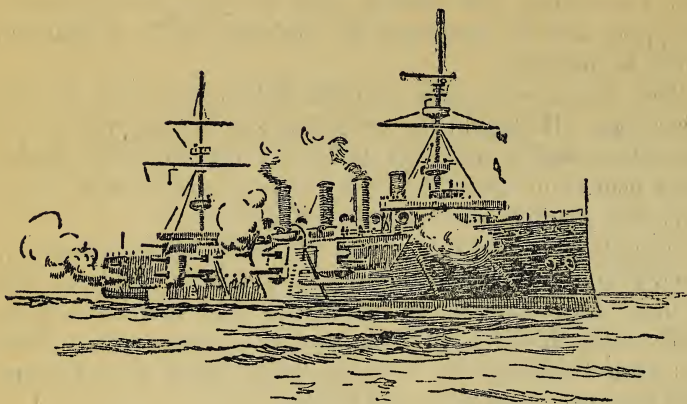
That this is so we owe to Lord Nelson more than to any other man. He taught the world that England was mistress of the salt sea, and he reminded the English that England expected every man to do his duty. He is a kind of patron saint of our navy, the guardian angel of England.

Opposite is a funny kind of map which may help you to understand your country better than you have done. You know that in most castles there is an outer wall right round the place, while within, in the heart of all, there is a strong castle. Here you have Britain as the keep or central citadel of the Empire, with the gates leading out into the sea.

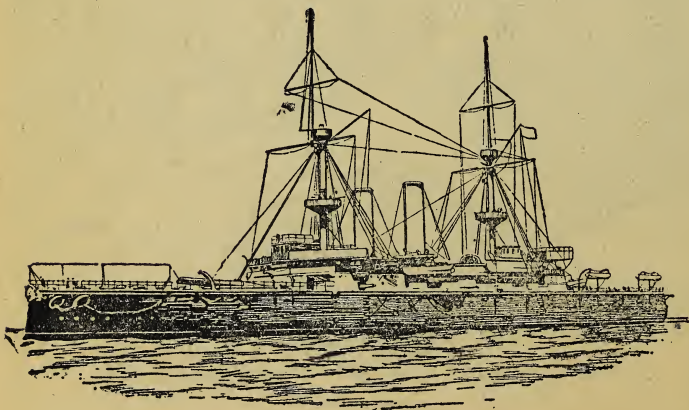


WHERE THE FLEET WAS REVIEWED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

## TYPES OF SHIPS IN THE BRITISH NAVY.



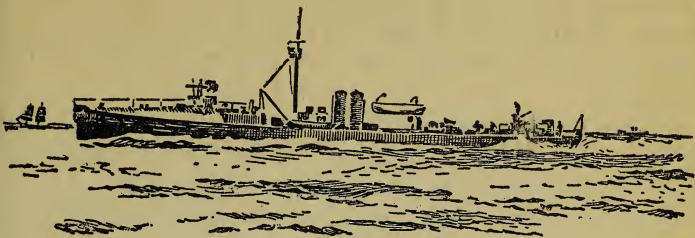
H.M.S. TERRIBLE.  
(THE BIGGEST CRUISER AFLOAT.)



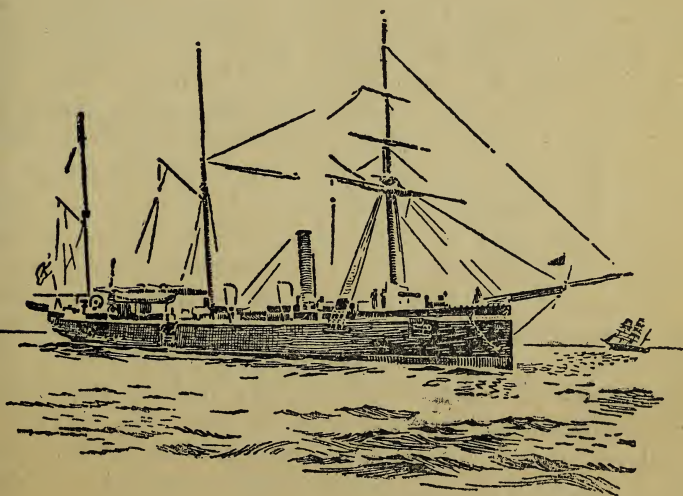
AN IRONCLAD. THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN.



TYPES OF VESSELS IN THE BRITISH NAVY.



THE HAVOC. A TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER.



H.M.S. THRUSH, A GUNBOAT OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Britain is the castle keep of the Empire, and the sea is our cas-  
yard. But if we had not a navy strong enough to rule the sea  
we should lose our Empire; we should be invaded by France  
Germany; and, even without invasion we should be starved  
death. Nearly three-fourths of our food come to us from  
the sea. If an enemy held the sea we should perish  
starvation.

So not merely because it is the Sceptre of the Sea, but because  
it keeps the road open by which our daily bread comes day  
day, we must honour the Navy and maintain its strength.

And so it was very fit and proper that the Jubilee we  
should close with the Naval Review at Portsmouth.

The Queen's army is useful and helpful, doing police work  
all over the world. But the real strength of the English  
always on the sea.

There were one hundred and sixty fighting ships, great and  
small, anchored between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight  
when the Prince of Wales came to review them. Some of the  
great monsters were driven by steam engines equal in strength  
to twenty-five thousand horses. Some of the small torpedo  
catchers could drive through the sea at nearly forty miles  
an hour! All of them could battle with all the storms that  
lash into fury all the seas between the Lizard and Cape Horn.  
And from every ship there streamed the White Ensign, the  
Red Cross of St. George, with the Union Jack in the corner  
below which a host of forty thousand sailors and marines stood  
ready to spend their life-blood in the service of the Queen.

The power of the Fleet is great. Its machinery is wonderful.  
The great guns can smash everything that they can come within  
five miles of. But without the gallant men who serve as  
bluejackets or stokers or Marines, the whole of that splendid  
fleet would be only worth so much old iron. The men are the  
soul of the fleet. It is because they are ready to die that the  
Navy is able to carry the White Ensign in triumph over all the  
Seven Seas.

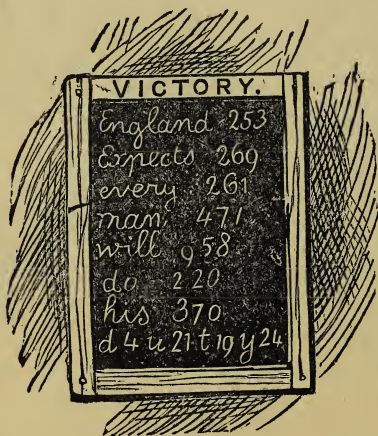


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And so I will close this little Jubilee Story Book with Robert Browning's "Home Thoughts from the Sea."

"Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the north-west died away ;  
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay ;  
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;  
 In the dimmest north-east distance, dawned Gibraltar, grand and gray ;  
 ' Here and here did England help me—how can I help England? Say,  
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,  
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.' "



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